THE BIRD OF MY HEART.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

Somebody to love!
If I only knew
Where somebody lived
That would love me too,
Somebody whose heart
Was warm and strong;
Somebody to watch me
And help me along
The journey of life,
And stand beside
My form at the altar,
And I a bride.

Somebody to love!
If I could but dare
To think of a lover,
My love to share,
To go with me
Adown the glade,
And through life's troubles
With me to wade;
Somebody to share
The bitter and sweet;
Somebody with smiles
My face to greet.

Somebody to love!
If on life's way
A lover beside my path
Would stray,
And drop in my ear
The tender word
Of love, like the whispering
Of a bird;
New life, new beauties
Would come to me,
And the bird of my heart
Would be set free.

FRANK MYRTLE.

LITTLE MITTS.

Told by an English Toll-Gate Keeper.

There is one night, a winter night, I shall never forget.

It was wild and clattery, and the windows of my little house by the toll-gate shook and shuddered with the weather-ague.

After midnight there came in a handsome man with a soft voice. He wanted to wait for the early morning mail-coach, he said.

He was showily dressed, with a great glossy plume on his peaked hat. On his velvet cloak, with cherry-ripe lining, was silvery lace. He was very easy and frank, and he pleased me much.

"You must be lonesome here, old gentleman," he said, in a musical voice, "since you say you have no wife or child. If you had a little prattler here, I guess you would be good to it?"

"Of course I would," I returned, and then we both dropped into a drowsy silence, and listened to the low woodchuck-like singing of the greenwood sap.

I was the first to speak. "Mister," said I, "It is none of my business, but excuse me if I ask what is your occupation?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "I am a travelling wizzard, a conjurer a tragedian at times. I live upon the whims of the public."

Soon after I stretched out, and was just going off to sleep, when I heard a queer noise, a noise like the cry of a child, where my filagreed gentleman sat.

"What as that, sir?" I inquired.

"I am doing it for my own diversion," he explained, so I won't drop to sleep and lose the coach. I am also a ventriloquist. I can imitate a peevish child to perfection."

"Go ahead," said I.

"Soon," said he; and presently; if I ever heard a tired child, it seemed as if I hear one then, and the last I remember, before I fell asleep, was hearing faint cries, growing fainter, of "father!" "mother!"

When I opened my eyes again, the gray face of dawn was at the window, the snow was clicking upon the door, the coach had come and gone, and gone too was my fantastic gentleman!

But there was something strangely warm near my face and neck.

"Scat!" I cried, thinking old puss had crept near, as the room grew colder towards morning.

But instead of a cat, there lay the brightest little girl, in a blue hood and mink wraps,—the little girl my fine gentleman had all the while under his cloak, when he was pretending to be a ventriloquist.

"Hooray!" I shouted, nervous and bewildered.

"What door name?" demanded Blue-Hood.

"Caleb Mittens," I replied, as meek before this babe as if it had been President to the Turnpike Company.

"Caleb Mittens, Caleb Mittens" lisped the little thing. "Then I must be Little Mittens—Little Mitts; doo must call me Little Mitts."

"All right! Little Mitts it is," said I.

"Doo is doing to be dood?" further inquired Little Mitts.

I promised to "be dood," and from that moment and this promise the child clung to me like a slender vine with creepers.

She went nearly wild over the oddities of the old toll-house; the snuff-colored cat, the brass-headed andirons, and particularly the tall, moon-faced, old-fashioned clock.

"I know," she chipped, "w'y doo make that clock stand up and fold its hands in the corner. It aint been nice, and it's got to stay there and count ever so many before it can come down and play."

I held her to the window, to see the snowflakes sifting steadily down.

"O Mittens!" she exclaimed, laying her pink palms together like mated sea-shells. "See! see! The world is filling up with white flies and millers!"

In the window light I had a fairer view other pretty face.

Upon the matter of eyes, nature seemed to have been undecided, for one eye was sky-blue and the other a good black. One day I asked her about it.

"'Tos," explained Little Mitts, "my mamma has blue eyes, and my papa black, and I was my mamma's and papa's girl both."

But beyond the color of the eyes, and "a great big, ever so big, house among high trees," her memory did not go in the recall of the events of her mysterious babyhood.

From the first time she saw the toll-bar swung, it became to her a source of boundless delight, causing her often to shout and dance with a glee that was almost a rapture.

Every passer through the gate, human or animal, interested her, and was interviewed by her. Once a sheep-herder came up, with several hundred heads, whereupon she ran to me, radiant with surprise, and shouting,—

"O Mittens, come out! come out, quick! There's whole big lots of great poodle dogs at the gate, and they are all in a hurry to get doo, 'tos they are all crying, 'bar! bar!'"

She thought the "baa" of the sheep was the cry of "bar! bar!" which fretful people make when they are anxiou to get through.

Well, the rest is sad enough, and I can but make it short, for it is too dreadful to dwell upon.

Little Mitts grew yearly taller and handsomer. Everybody said she would make a splendid woman, even if one eye was black and the other blue. I could never wean her from tending the toll-bar.

"Young ladies," have no business tending toll-gates."

"I'm not a young lady," she declared, laughing until both eyes became the same color, and that color the jolliest blue. "I'm your Little Mitts for life and in death."

But darkness was nigh. One fearful night Little Mitts sat up with me later than was her wont. There had been robberies in the neighborhood.

"Mittens, dear," she inquired, "aint you afraid of robbers? You have no help at hand but slender me, and it is generally known that you have saved money, and that it is in the house."

"I have not the least fear, Little Mitts," said I, reassuringly, and then she kissed me good-night and clung to me with a tenderness unusual even for her, before she went to her bedroom out of the toll-house.

Later than midnight I let in two powerful-built men—detectives, they said they were, searching for soldiers.

They had crape drops over their faces, "to keep the sleet from their eyes," one of them explained.

I turned to give the fire a jog, at which one of them thundered,—

Now, then, old man, pass over all you ready cash!"

I turned and looked at them. Each was covering me with a revolver.

"Never!" was my reply. "I had rather die than lose all I have, in my old age and feebleness."

"Click! click!" went their pistols, as they slowly pronounced,—

"One!"

A gust down the chimney drove the smoke into the room.

"Two!" There was a light step. Some one entered.

"Three!" I saw a flash, I heard a loud report, an oath, and a wild cry, and then there came a swift roll of smoke.

The smoke of the chimney and guns was lifted by a gust of wind from the door. I saw a white figure falling. It was little Mitts, shot through her blessed body. She had come to save her old, worthless foster-father's life!

Then the fire flared, and the room was still. The ruffans must have fled, for I saw them no more.

Regardless of all else, I carried her to the bed, and bent over her. No one but God who knows the vast depths there are in stricken human nature, knew how I felt.

"Kiss me, Mittens, dear, she gasped; "and have no heart of fear, for the road I am going to stretches out fairer and brighter before me—and oh, the golden gates are opening! Kiss me farewell, dear old father—and" the golden gates had opened.

She was dead.

I have never been able to unravel the mystery of her abandonment in her early childhood, but I still try to keep the promise I made her "to be dood," hoping some day her little hands may open the golden gates and let the old gate-keeper pass through into that world she saw in her vision.—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Winchester Rifle.

New Haven Palladium.

A pistol of decidedly clumsy appearance, and with fully as much brass as steel in its composition, was left for a few minutes at Klock's drug store, with several other articles, by a gentleman who had some errands to do before taking a horse-car from the corner, and who asked permission to temporarily relieve himself of the load. During his absence several visitors in the store handled the weapon, which, although it was not loaded, did no damage. The peculiar make was the subject for conjecture for some time, until the pistol was shown to a leading military man, who immediately recognized it as one of the Tyler Henry patent. "This pistol," said he, "works on the same principle as the Winchester magazine gun. Of course many improvements have been made since this pistol was manufactured, but the principal features are the same. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been made from the invention, but the inventor received little benefit from it. The late O. F. Winchester began the shirt business many years ago on a very small scale, cutting out the garments, which his wife and other women put together. The business gradually increased until Winchester & Davies built for shirt manufacturing the large factory on Court street. The firm prospered, and when Tyler Henry produced his magazine pistol, he went to Mr. Winchester, as a leading capitalist and manufacturer, and proposed to sell him the patent for $75,000, Mr. Winchester offered him $50,000, but the offer was refused. Henry afterward offered to sell for $40,000 and Winchester offered him $25,000. No sale was made then; nor later when the invention was offered for $20,000 to the capitalist, who then reduced his figures to $10,000. Finally, Winchester bought the patent, paying Henry, I think, only $7,500. The first guns were made on the model known as 1866. Other models have been made since but all conform very nearly to the original Henry model."

CUTTING DIAMONDS.

From the New York Times.

Within the last few years the art of cutting and polishing diamonds has greatly advanced in America. Not many years ago few uncut stones of considerable size were imported, and in proportion to the number of gems brought here diamonds in the rough were few and almost always small. There seemed little to gain in introducing an industry which could apparently be prosecuted at much less cost and therefore more profit in Europe, where it was solidly established.

The growth of the industry here has been very gradual. Nearly all the workmen engaged in it learned the art in Europe, and they are still few in number. There are only from seventy-five to one hundred diamond cutters in the country. With the exception of a few in Philadelphia, and possibly a couple in Chicago, the diamond cutters in this country are confined to Boston and New York. The work pays well, though not so well as might be imagined. In Europe an apprentice to a diamond cutter serves from five to seven years. At the end of his term of service he may be a mechanic, but often he is not. The work requires keenness of sight and delicacy of touch, as well as what is termed a correct eye. It is only within a short time that the work of the eye has been lessened by the introduction af a gauge invented by Mr. Morse, of Boston, and called the Morse gauge. This, according to diamond cutters here, has not been introduced, or at least adopted, in Europe, where they still depend upon the eye for accurate measurement.

The strain on the visual organs in cutting stones of small size must be very great, yet comparatively few of the cutters use artificial aids to the eye. A cutter who had been working at his trade for nearly fifteen years was rash enough to boast recently that he could cut a diamond one sixty-fourth of a carat in weight without any artificial aid to his natural sight. In America apprentices serve for three years, but like their brethern in Europe only a moderate percentage becomes skilled workmen. When the African diamond fields were discovered the market value of the gems dropped suddenly, and there was a large demand for stones of all kinds and sizes. In Europe cutters were in such a demand that from 200 to 500 guldens a week were offered for their services. When the market steadied wages dropped, and European workmen now receive from $20 to $40 per week, though but few receive the latter rate. Wages here range from $52 to $60 per week.

The rules which govern a diamond cutting shop are much the same as those in force in jewelry manufactories. In the morning the men receive a certain number of stones. Before they leave the shops, even for a minute, they must account for everything entrusted to them. A diamond cutting establishment is a hive of industry. The cutter works by hand. The polisher is aided by machinery. The cutter kills two birds with one stone by cutting one diamond with another. The stones in the rough are unsightly looking objects. The ordinary pebble is quite as pretty, and to the uninitiated a lot of uncut diamonds looks as much like bits of gum arabic as anything. But even the uninitiated are likely to observe that most of the stones are octahedron in form. Colorless spinels, pieces of quartz, topaz, etc., have the same form, so that much care and knowledge is required in buying rough diamonds. Hard as the diamonds are an unexperienced workman can cut and polish from two to four carats in a day. Much depends upon the quality of the stone. If it has a knob or a cavity in it much time is lost it surmounting the difficulty. Sometimes this is impossible, and a fair sized stone may become almost valueless from some imperfection other than color.

Diamonds of less than a carat are seldom or never cut here, and in a majority of shops nothing less than two-carat stones are handled. As labor is cheaper in Europe than here, it is most profitable to buy small stones already cut and polished. They think nothing on the other side of the water of cutting diamonds which weigh ten to the carat. Diamonds so infinitesimal that it required 1,500 to weigh a carat have been cut in Europe. When the number of facets on each are considered some idea can be obtained of the delicacy of the work. A breath would scatter a package of such diminutive sparklers. They are sometimes used for jeweling watches, though rubies are preferred.

The implements of the cutter are few and simple. He has a little brass-bound box, about four inches square, open at the top. It is furnished with two small uprights, against which he rests his hands when at work. He takes two diamonds and fastens them on to two "sticks." The head of the stick is hollow and resembles an inverted bowl. The bowl is filled with cement. It is heated until it becomes soft. The diamond is inserted into the cement, with one of the covers exposed. When the cement has cooled each "stick" is furnished with a diamond. The cutter dons leather half-gloves, and on his right thumb he wears a stall. Taking a stick in each hand, he brings the exposed points together and rubs them, one against the other, until he has produced a flat surface, a facet. By this means a facet has been cut on each stone. Hence arose the expression, "Diamond cut Diamond."

The associated press was formed in 1855 by the daily papers of New York, in order to distribute the telegraphic news most expeditiously. It gradually extended to other cities, until now it embraces every city of importance. The association has agents and reporters whose business it is to gather the news and transmit it by telegraph to all its members. In this way all members of the association receive the same news about the same time. It costs a great deal of money to keep up the organization, and each paper belonging to it must pay its share or forfeit the franchise.

FORTESCUE'S SORE THROAT.

It was a delightful morning in early spring; a gentle wind caressed the tender leaves which had burst forth in the night; a bird twittered now and again with that peculiar clearness of sound that only the first birds of the season seem to possess, and the sun had sent his heralds of the dawn far in advance—long lines of yellow, purple and crimson, with tender pink and blue still higher in the sky.

Mr. Fortescue had risen early on purpose to feast his eyes and mind on the beauty of the landscape, and stood lost in thought at his dressing-room window. A plain business man, a thoroughgoing man, his neighbors called Ned Fortescue; but he had an artist's eye and a keen poetic instinct.

But suddenly his face clouded—he had heard a sound that he understood only too well. A harmless noise you would have thought it—merely a slight jar of iron against wood as Mrs. Fostescue turned the bed-key.

"She's taking down our bed, as I'm alive!" soliloquized Mr. Fostescue. "That means house-cleaning, and no peace for a week at least. What can be done? Is there no way out of it? I'm sure every carpet in the house was lifted last fall." The husband stood looking out of the window, but no longer heeding the sunrise—he was revolving a plan. "I'll risk it!" he said at last, and proceeded to hunt up some strips of flannel. Just as he was swathing his throat in a long strip of red flannel Mrs. Fortescue came to the door.

"I've taken the bed down, Ned, and shall set to work at once. Hear the birds! it's high time we were through house-cleaning. But, my dear Ned, what is the matter? Don't tell me you've a sore throat!"

Mr. Fortescue nodded, pointed to his throat, and shook his head, as if solemnly to indicate that speech was an impossibility.

"Dear me! how very unfortunate. I can't possibly clean house with you ill!"

Mr. Fortesque turned suddenly to the window lest his delight should betray him.

"We must send for Dr. Horton," continued his wife, "and you must not leave these rooms. I don't wish to alarm you, my dear, but you know diphtheria is so catching, and the children—"

For a moment our hero wavered; he had not any idea of being quarantined. Besides, the doctor would see through his deception. If only his wife had held her tongue for a few minutes he would have confessed his wickedness, and thrown himself upon her mercy; but she, foolish woman, did not know when to keep still. "I'll tell you, Ned, what I'll do," she went on, "if it's not clear diphtheria, I'll just run off with the children up to Aunt Maria's, and then, if you are not better, I'll leave them there and come back. To be sure, I want to nurse you."

Here was a respite! No house-cleaning, and a house all to himself at that loveliest time of the year. Annie was such a slave to her house and her children that he couldn't be blamed if she seemed tiresome once in a while! So Mr. Fortescue (speaking as hoarsely as he could, and so over-acting that Annie began to fear pneumonia, and was thoroughly frightened) agreed to take his breakfast apart from his family and see the doctor as soon as possible.

"You'll be able to swallow a soft-boiled egg, dear, and a cup of coffee, won't you?" said Mrs. Fortescue: and Ned, who could have eaten three or four mutton chops with a relish, had to look ill and nod acquiescence.

Dr. Horton was sent for, and came round very promptly, and, as Mrs. Fortescue was washing the breakfast china, she sent him up to see her husband, intending to follow soon.

"I'm in a pickle, and I must talk fast," said the patient, in a remarkably clear, smooth voice, "for my wife will be up in a moment. To tell the truth, Horton, I've shammed sick to get rid of the house-cleaning, and you must help me out. Your bill would have come in a month later if I had not, for Annie is always sick after a spring cleaning. Now, tell her I've got a diphtheritic throat—nothing serious, but that it would be safer for her to take the children to Aunt Maria's."

"I know your wife too well to imagine she'd leave you," said the doctor, "for all her devotion to the young ones."

"But she'd take them there, and then I'll telegraph that I'm better, and perhaps they'll stay a few days. This lovely weather won't last a week, and then she'll be glad the cleaning is put off."

Mrs. Fortescue's voice was heard giving some directions to the servant; there was only time for an assenting nod from the doctor, and she was in the room, anxious to learn his opinion of the patient.

"A diphtheritic throat, ma'am; there is no cause for alarm—none whatever, yet what is a light attack for the father might prove fatal to a child."

"I'll take them away at once—at once! Ned, you don't think I'll neglect you? I'll be back to-morrow, and you must telegraph to-night. Doctor, you must telegraph, and let me know the truth."

The two men felt guilty as they saw that Mrs. Fortescue was really troubled. It was only the vivid recollection of the last spring cleaning, and the belief that a few days at Aunt Maria's "would really do Annie good," that enabled Mr. Fortescue to carry out his part. As for the doctor, he assured her that Ned was perfectly well except for a few spots on his throat; that the quiet, and a few days rest from business, would quite set him up; and urged her to stay with the children for a day or two if he could conscientiously telegraph "All's well."

Two or three hours later Mrs. Fortescue and the two children drove off to the depot, waving a good-by to "Poor Papa," who stood at his window, the red flannel still about his throat. Dr. Horton had telegraphed to two or three of Ned's chums, and was to make his next call about dinner time, when they hoped the gentlemen in question would have arrived. Meanwhile the cook and waitress were quite relieved as to master's throat by the hearty lunch he had ordered and enjoyed.

It chanced that all three of the chums were able to accept the invitation. Jack Downing could never resist the country in such weather, and felt he could combine business with pleasure; for Fortescue had told him of the scenery about his place, and he was sure of making some skethes. Tom Bascomb was a medical student, one who often spent his Sundays at the Hennery (as the Fortescues called their place), and Mr. Driscombe, a hard-working man of business, was fairly shoved off by his wife, who knew how much the poor man needed a breath of real country air.

"I'm on the sick list," exclaimed their host. "Nothing worth mentioning except that it gave me a chance of a holiday, and as my wife is off with the children I thought I would enjoy keeping bachelor's hall for a few days."

And they did enjoy it! Jack sketched, talked and smoked; Tom refused to think of medicine or disease, kept them all laughing, and amused himself at the piano, while "dear old Driscombe," as Ned called his friend, who was a few, and seemed ten, years older than Ned, rested body, soul and spirit, enjoying the good cooking, the clear air, the scenery, the young man's jollity and his wife's letters, which arrived twice a day.

"Throat doing splendidly," was the telegram that relieved Annie Fortescue on the evening of her arrival. Aunt Maria was delighted to see the children, and made so much of Annie herself that the little woman decided not to go the next morning if the news was good.

"Your husband almost well—no need of nursing," was the telegram received at 10 o'clock, and then all insisted that since she had come she might as well stay.

"Just telegraph to Ned that you'll stay a week now you have left home," coaxed her aunt. "You are such a slave to your house, husband and children that I began to despair of a visit. I said to Thomas only the other day: 'Annie'll be sure to be house-cleaning if this warm spell holds good.'"

"Why, queerly enough, I had begun," said Annie. "My bed was down; Ned always knows I mean business when I unscrew that great bed of ours. How the dear old fellow hates house-cleaning. No, I can't promise a week, but I'll stay on from day to day. Ned can't do without me."

If she could have but seen Ned at that moment! He was trying his hand at a water-color under Jack's tuition, while Tom told story after story that made Ned laugh so heartily he could not keep his hand steady. Then followed a song, Ned singing the solo, and all joining in the chorus—singing is so good for a sore throat!

The weather grew warmer each day. Annie's housewifely instincts could not resists such opportunity. Ned was, by his own account, quite well; the children could stay at Aunt Maria's. What a splendid chance to do the cleaning!

"I never knew such a succession of spring days. The weather is heavenly. It is inspiring. Why, before the rest of you thought of getting out of your beds Ned and I took a stroll, and see these sketches!" and Jack showed his studies.

"Do you know, a woman only thinks of—" Ned began; but he was interrupted; he never finished the sentence, for a figure stood in the doorway; and, as all four gentlemen turned, Annie looked from one to the other, in very evident amazement, and not with evident delight. Any woman who enjoys housekeeping more than homemaking can enter into her feelings. Never had the pretty sitting-room looked so homelike; but Annie saw only the disorder. A box of water-colors here, the portfolio of sketches there; a branch of catkins was pinned above a picture, and in two saucers Mr. Driscombe had started some delicate ferns. "Messes," one and all, housewifely Annie called them; yet as she looked she could not be blind to the fact that "Ned" was brighter and happier than he had seemed for a year past. Even his astonishment at her sudden appearance did not bring back the clouded, repressed expressed expression so familiar to his wife; for Ned knew that, though the woman he had chosen as his wife was a trifle too much devoted to mere externals, she was a true lady, and would not be rude to any guest, no matter how unwelcome.

In far less time it has taken to write this Annie recovered herself, shook hands with the two gentlemen she knew and was introduced to Jack Downing, of whom she had often heard. Nothing was said of the throat, but after a private interview with Mary, the waitress, Annie, who was no fool and quick enough to learn a lesson, made a resolution. She pressed her husband's friends to stay a few days longer, watered the ferns, hunted up a few more catkins, and when she had Ned to herself said, very demurly, "You needn't play sick another spring, dear. I'll wait till you've enjoyed the first lovely weather before I house-clean. Ned, I do like a tidy house, but I believe I love you even better!"

"Annie, I'm ashamed of myself, but I can't say I'm sorry since you're so good about it. So you do see something good in a lovely spring day besides an inspiration for a thorough cleaning?"

"I see what these spring days have done for you, Ned; I believe you've been cleaning out the cobwebs from your brain. You must keep Jack Downing here a week or two. After all, the house need not be pulled to pieces every spring, and I'll try to put up with a few messes in the sitting room, since they make you so happy."

And Annie let the bed-key rest until the following September.

Massachusetts prohibitionists will place a state ticket in the field.

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Dreams and Premonitions Which Do Not Come to Pass Are Forgotten.

"I'm going to tell you something that's true," said a Brooklyn man the other day to a New York Sun reporter. "You can believe it or not, but it's true. I have a cousin who went to Europe for her health last year. While in France she died. Comparing time between France and America, it must have been within an hour of her death that her mother, who was knitting in the sitting-room at home laid her knitting-work in her lap and looked up with a sort of stunned expression. 'Why! Alice is dead!' she said. Next day we got a dispatch by cable saying she was dead."

"There was," said another member of the party, "a curious illustration of mind-reading, or spiritual telegraphy, or whatever you like to call it, during the war. You remember that the battle of Gettysburg was settled on the 3d of July, though Lee lay on his arms expecting another attack on the 4th, and began his retreat that night. The surrender of Vicksburg occurred on the 4th. Gettysburg and Vicksburg are 800 miles apart, or perhaps more, and no telegraph message had been received at Gettysburg announcing the surrender of Vicksburg—at least, if there had been, it could hardly have reached headquarters before sundown on the 4th. The 12th corps had been drawn up in line on the afternoon of the 4th with a view to changing position, and was standing at 'in place, rest,' when one of the soldiers exclaimed: 'Vicksburg's taken!' The word passed down the line, and a cheer broke from the troops. That news and the certainty that Lee had sustained a severe defeat put new life into them. But when an attempt was made to trace the news to official sources it couldn't be done. That soldier 'felt it in his bones,' and had spoken right out. Next day dispatches arrived that proved that the soldier had spoken the truth."

"Yes, those things are unaccountable," said a third speaker. "The intuitions, or whatever they are, needn't be so very important, either. I remember that my father was sitting in his library one afternoon, when he took out his watch looked at it, and said: "E——will be here in ten minutes. E——was his brother-in-law, who lived in a neighboring town, and though he called frequently he was not expected that day. After he had spoken, my father seemed rather surprised at himself, and laughed a little awkwardly. My mother asked how he knew that E——would be there, and he said he didn't know, he had spoken on the impulse of the moment. Sure enough, in ten minutes the bell rang. E——was at the door. He had only come to dinner, and his visit was not important; but he had somehow projected his personality ahead of him."

Said a fourth: "There really is such a thing as seeing beyond the limit of human vision. I'll tell you a little circumstance that I can swear to, and then let's talk about something else. When I was 16 years old I had no more idea of going to London than I had of going to Nova Zembla. I knew practically nothing about the city. One night I dreamed that I was there in a park facing some public buildings, and over the trees and roofs at the right were the towers of Westminster abbey and parliament buildings. That night an important letter was on its way summoning me to London. I went there, arriving just as the man who had written the letter was leaving his house for a walk. I saw my trunk safely stowed, and then went along with him. We strolled out to St. James' park to hear a band play. At one point in the park I looked behind me, and there was the picture I had seen in my dreams—trees, towers, public buildings, and all. Before I went there I hadn't the slightest idea how the city was built. For aught I knew St. Paul's Westminster abby, Temple Bar, and the British museum stood in a row on one street. How did I manage in a dream to see those buildings east of St. James' park just in the position and size, shape, and color that they really have?"

A GOOD HORSE STORY.

A Story About Argyle, the Lively Pacer

From the Spirit of the Times.

"Pilgrim," who picks up many a good story in the course of his perambulations, writes from Chicago."

"One morning not long ago I sat on the steps of the club house and listened to the entertaining chat of the owners and drivers: Part of it I will tell you. One of the party, who is usually a very quiet man, edged up to me and said:

"'I'll tell you a good story about Anderson and his pacer, Argyle.'

I braced my feet firmly, and with both ears wide open, lest I should lose anything, I patiently waited the coming of the storm.

"'You must know,' continued the orator, 'that Argyle had shown some pretty slick work, and was considered by his party as a sure winner, and was backed right well in the pools. The big, ungainly New Hope nailed him to the mast in an easy shape, though Argyle was second. Well, when the second place was put upon the boards, two days afterward, Argyle was drawn. That was funny to me, so I just saw Anderson shout it. It would have killed you to have heard him talk. "You want to know why I drew my horse," said he, "and I'll tell you. During that fast heat the other day, just as we were at the three-quarter mile pole and going a 2:12 clip, I said to a young man driving that black gelding. 'We are going some, my boy.' That young fellow looked at me over the wheel, as cool as you ever saw ice, and answered. 'Oh! no we ain't. When I turn this whip around in my hand and give him the butt, then we'll begoing some.' Now, when a country lad can unconcernedly give me that sort of talk in a red-hot race, and beat me at that, I have had enough of him and won't start against him." And he didn't, either.